

CANUCKLING 2023 VOLUME 68

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UNBOUND

VOLUME 68

THE LITERARY-ART MAGAZINE OF NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL 34 WILSON AVENUE NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07060

CANUCKLING 2023

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION First Place 2022



North Plainfield High School was founded in 1896. Its first graduating class boasted three students. Many residents of North Plainfield and the neighboring town of Plainfield had favored the merger of the two communities, an annexation idea paralleling United States-Canada theories in vogue at the time. With North Plainfield located just north of the brook, it was popular to refer to the community as "Little Canada." Thus, high school students became known as the Canucks, and the school adopted a bearded lumberjack as its mascot.

The *Canuckling* magazine, though not quite as ancient as the school, was first published in 1955 with Ms. Marie O'Brien as the General Adviser and Ms. Frieda T. Bockius as the Art Director. We are proud to be a part of this tradition, now celebrating our sixty-eight anniversary year, as we graduate a class of over 300 bright, talented students.

(Photo by Kristyn Rosen.)

2023 CANUCKLING STAFF

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POLICY

Canuckling invites all students of North Plainfield High School to submit original works of literature and art. Students may submit work to the English teachers or directly to the adviser throughout the school year. All submissions are catalogued and subsequently judged for content and form on an anonymous basis by the Canuckling Club staff. The staff met on Fridays to review and select submissions. Every effort has been made to ensure originality. Each student may submit as many pieces as he or she wishes. Submissions may not be returned. It is the hope of the staff that the magazine is representative of the creative talent of North Plainfield High School.

COLOPHON

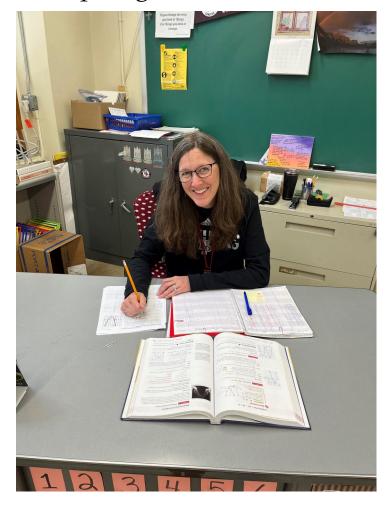
Canuckling 2023, the literary-art magazine of North Plainfield High School, was printed with a press run of 125 copies on 28# laser stock and bound by GMPC Printing of Clifton, NJ. The software used for the layout of the Canuckling is Microsoft Publisher. The font types used in this issue are Algerian and Book Antiqua.

COVER

Katerin Serrano, a junior, created the drawing "What's in the Inside" with watercolor and oil pastel for the front cover.

SPECIAL FEATURE:

Teacher Spotlight: Ms. Patricia Lukacs



Ms. Patricia Lukacs has been a mathematics teacher in the North Plainfield School District for 33 years! This year she will retire from teaching.

Some may wonder, where is there a connection between mathematics and the literary-arts? When one thinks about language and the formation of poetic expressions such as the Shakesperean sonnet, there is a definite correlation to the formulas and logic that exist in mathematics to the structured nuances that go into creating a poem that follows a certain rhyme and rhythmic pattern or a prose story that takes a reader from a beginning point to an ending point like graphing a journey from one quadrant to another. Literature and art follow certain patterns that ultimately make them yield a satisfactory product. And students who have been blessed with having Ms. Lukacs as a teacher know that she brings a creativity to disseminating the concepts of mathematics. Thus, we take this opportunity to honor her legacy of teaching in this special interview feature. We wish her nothing but the best as she opens a new chapter in her life and finds new journeys to enrich her life.

Turn the page to enjoy a special interview with this exemplary teacher.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MS. PATRICIA LUKACS MATHEMATICS TEACHER NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Why did you decide to choose teaching as your profession?

I chose teaching for a few reasons: one, I've always enjoyed helping people, and two, because one of my high school math teachers heard me explain an answer in class and said "you explained that very well - have you ever thought of becoming a teacher"? That comment got me thinking about possibly becoming a teacher. A few months later, a scholarship was advertised to high school seniors in NJ that offered money to pay for college in exchange for teaching in NJ for 6 years after college graduation. Knowing that my parents did not have money to send me to college, I applied for this scholarship, thinking that if I got it, I could go to college and then teach for 6 years. If, after 6 years, I didn't like teaching, I would still have plenty of time to change professions and find another job. I was fortunate enough to get chosen for the scholarship, and I've been teaching ever since.

What brought you to North Plainfield High School to teach? How long have you taught here? A woman at my church brought me to NPHS. She was a secretary here, and she let me know there was an anticipated math opening for the following September. I started substituting in the spring after I graduated from college, and when the job was posted, I applied. I was thrilled to be offered the position, and I'm still here. That all happened in the spring of 1990, 33 years ago.

What would you consider two highlights in your educational journey?

Two highlights in my educational journey were being awarded the scholarship to become a teacher, and being named "Educator of the Year" because a student took the time to write a letter of nomination for me. Knowing I made that much of a difference to a student means the world to me.

As a teacher, what advice would you give to students as being important for them to be successful in life?

Advice I would give to students is to be kind to everyone you meet because everyone is going through something. Be tolerant of those who are different because everyone has something different about them that makes all of us wonderfully unique. Be open to learning new things about others and about yourself. Be flexible and open to change because life is a journey and you will evolve along the way.

What do you think is your most creative lesson you have taught over the years?

I think my most creative lesson was a lesson in my Advanced Algebra with Financial Applications class. I taught them about all of the different costs involved in buying a car: the cost of the car itself (including a down payment, sales tax, and a car loan for the balance), NJ vehicle registration costs, and insurance costs. Students then worked independently on a project where they went to a car website, "built" a car on the website, and found all of the costs mentioned above. During the project, many students shared how much they were learning about the real process of buying a new car. One year, after the projects were completed, we took a field trip to the Honda dealership in North Plainfield and met with a salesperson, who talked the students through the process of selling (and buying) a car, from his perspective. I think this might be the most practical lesson I ever taught, but the students shared their appreciation for me allowing them to experience all of this.

What advice would you give for future prospective teachers?

I would tell future teachers the following: This is a very rewarding, but also a very challenging job, so be patient with yourself and with your students. Be consistent in how you apply your classroom expectations and grading. Never say anything that you don't intend to follow through with because you lose all credibility if you say you're going to do something and you don't, or vice versa. And when you decide to retire or leave teaching, you will do so with a lifetime of memories about the students and wonderful experiences you had in your classroom; you get to bring all of those students with you into your next chapter. In many cases, some of your students will become your lifelong friends and they'll be a part of your life forever.

Any other thoughts you would like to share as you retire from teaching this year?

I just want to say that it has been an honor and privilege to work with, and teach, the thousands of students that have walked the halls with me at NPHS. The NPHS staff has always been an amazingly caring and dedicated team, and I am very happy that I was able to learn from the teachers who were here before me and share what I've learned with those that came after. NPHS will live on as a place where its students will continue to be exposed to a top-notch education taught to them by a group of caring, wonderful people who are there to help them realize their dreams and goals. I wish all of you only the very best in your short and long term endeavors!



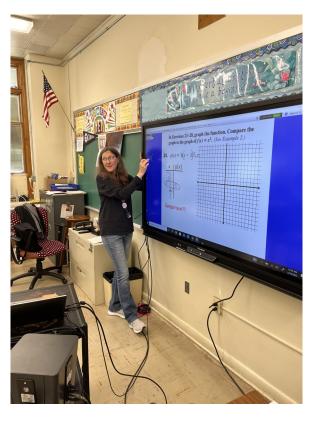




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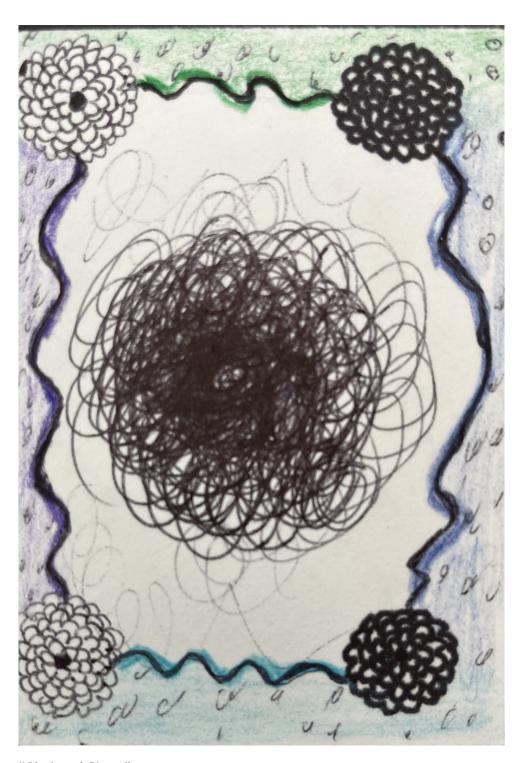
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ABSTRACT



"Circles of Chaos" by Madeline Ayala (Pen, Pencil)

What Am I? Kyle Irving

The illustrious lies I've said
The tears illuminate my face
Yet you still can't see me for what I am.
My spirit burns bright as the sun
Shimmering and glowing for I am light
Yet you still can't see me for what I am.
The hue reflects out of my eyes
For I can share the truth a thousand times
Yet you still can't see me for what I am.
The trials I've faced and have come by
The tribulations I have strived to overcome
Yet you still can't see me for what I am.
The sun shines brilliant waves of motion
The moon glares divine sparkles of sorrow
And yet you still can't see me for what I am.

The Flashlight

Lee Cardoso

A place where all the forgotten end up. No one to be trusted down there. Everyone is shady, sly, and sneaky. They all are seen as garbage, low lives, nobodies. The creatures found down there are not human-like, they change forms to seem human, but that is to deceive you. They are not to be let out. The place all the creatures were sealed up in is called...Fallen Down...

I looked at the newspaper that passed by my window.

It looked like it came from the human world. I sigh and look at my tin bucket. Another day of magic and useless items around the house, waiting to be tampered with.

"Oi Tim! Get in here," a rough voice shouted out.

"I'm coming, I'm coming! Give me a minute, jeez." I roll my eyes. I grab my tin bucket and place it over my head. It glows in my mirror. I found it near the forest and decided to pick it up. The two holes in it align perfectly with my eyes and the hole for my mouth is just right. I smile at my broken mirror. My sharp teeth shine, my scales glisten. I finger gun point at myself in the mirror.

"TIM GET IN HERE NOW!" The scratchy voice screamed again.

"COMING, COMING JEEZ!" I scramble out of my room. running down the broken, creaky stairs. I stop at the last stair and I jump over the death spikes my uncle left on the floor. My bare feet make a big smack as I make my landing. I scramble to the front of my uncle's shop.

"Howdy." I smile big, tilting my bucket down and then up to look at my uncle.

"Don't howdy me, boy," he growls. "I need you to do something for me."

"Aw man...What is it?" I sigh and await my task.

"Come with me," he whispers and closes the shop for a few moments. I could hear the groans of ghouls and ghosts who waited all day to buy something from my uncle. He takes me to the back of the shop. It's dark, but the pink glow stick I put in here is still working.

"Listen Tim, I need you to go and get me something. No one from Fallen Down has ever done this, you hear?" He gets close to my face and stares at me intensely.

"Yerrrrp."

"Be serious now, Tim. I need you to go to the surface and get me," he pauses for a minute and coughs violently, "Sorry about that...I need you to get me a flashlight. It's something that the people up there use, and I want it." He points upwards, his grin is lopsided.

"Hmmmm, I don't know." I cross my arms and tap my foot.

"Kid, if you do it, I'll give you anything in the store." His smile fades and he stares at me blankly.

"I don't knowwww." I tap my foot still.

"FINE. YOU CAN WORK AT THE SHOP."

"DEAL!" My uncle pats my bucket head. My vision starts to become blurry and I start hearing whispers around me. My vision goes black.

"Ugh my head," I mumble...I look to see my body collapsed on the floor. My bucket hat glowing. I look at my hands. I ended up in my uncle's body?! I quickly grab my limp body, and I aggressively smack my tin bucket. My vision goes blurry and then back to black. My eyes flutter open. My uncle smiles at me like nothing happened.

"Do you know what just happened right now?" I ask him in confusion.

"What are you on kid? Stop eating those squids. I keep telling you, you don't listen." He scoffs and walks away to open the shop again.

I take off my bucket and I look at it frantically. I look on the inside and see carefully carved out words in it, 'To be welded with care'. I put it back on my head and grin. I've got a magic tin bucket hat and an adventure to go on. I scurry out of my uncle's store and I run into the forest, human world here I come.

I managed to make it deep in the forest. The squeaks from the bats make me nervous, telling me to run back. I push on anyway. I see the hole that leads into the human world. I dip my leg into the hole and it feels like a weird goo liquid is trying to consume me. I see my scales disappear off my body. Then the hole sucks me in.

"Hey look, there's someone over here!" An unknown voice yells.

I grumble and my eyes open.

"WOAH, HE'S ACTUALLY AWAKE! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO FALL IN," the voice screams again.

"Where am I?" I ask finally, my vision is coming back to me.

"You're near the Fallen Down hole, I bet someone tried to push you in here...My name is Andrew Jacob but people just call me AJ." AJ smiles. He's blonde and he has freckles all over his face. He's skinny, he looks very dirty. "What's your name, Tin head?" he asks.

"Oh right, I still have it on.." I knock on my bucket. "Tim. My name is Tim."

"Tim the Tin head, nice to meet you." He smiles big. "What are you doing out here Tim the tin head?" he asks.

"I'm trying to find a flash-o-light," I say, I can't remember how to pronounce it.

"A flashlight?" AJ corrects me. "Yeah I've got that. Why were you in the woods?" He helps me up and we walk out of the forest towards his home.

"Trying to find a light flash, I mean flashlight," I say forgetting the word again.

"Hmmmm, you're not good at English," he laughs. "That's alright though it's hard sometimes."

We walked into his house. It's nice. There's no spikes sticking out from the floor. There's no black goo dripping from the ceiling, it feels nice here. It's clean, and it smells fresh. We go upstairs to his room. The stairs aren't broken or creaky. We walk into his room. It's full of Fallen Down stuff. I gasp, no human has ever been interested in Fallen Down before. Humans flinch at the thought or they get terrified when someone mentions Fallen Down.

"Oh, sorry...I know a lot of folks here don't like Fallen Down but it's so interesting to me." He smiles and then his smile fades slightly.

"No, it's fine with me. I like Fallen Down too, I actually liv-" I smack my mouth shut, I forgot, Fallen Down creatures aren't supposed to be in the human world.

"Erm, alright...Cool then?" His face twists in confusion. "You need a flash-o-light, right?" he laughs, as he walks out of his room to get it for me.

"Yes, if you have one." I look at his room. I see many articles and pictures hanging on the walls. It's astounding. It's almost as if he knows more about Fallen Down then me.

"Hey, I got the flash-o-light." AJ comes back tossing it in the air and then catching it.

"Oh, thank you." I go to grab it but he stops me.

"Oh, no, no. See, I know where you got that hat, and I want it." His eyes turn dark, his whole character changes...It's more sinister and greedy.

(continued next page)

"YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE." He grabs me and pins me to the ground. "This might sting a bit. I'm sure you won't mind." He grabs a needle out of his pocket, and he stabs me with it. Before he injects the chemical in the needle, I manage to smack him in the head with my bucket. My vision goes black, I flutter my eyes open, I see my limp body on the floor. I'm in AJ's body. I sigh and I take out the needle. I break it in half, I grab my body and I get it on my back. I grab the flashlight, and I start walking back to the forest.

I make it to the Fallen Down hole. I place my body near the opening. I take the flashlight and I place it in the hands of my unconscious body. Then, I quickly smack my bucket head. I regain consciousness in my own body. I roll into the Fallen Down hole. I get spit back. I look into the hole and I see AJ's face...It's full of frustration and greed. I sigh, I start running back to my uncle's shop.

I eventually get to the shop and I run to my uncle, out of breath.

"I got it," I manage to mutter out.

"That's my boy!" He chuckles and he takes it from me.

"Now what?" I ask.

He turns to me and shrugs. "Do whatever, I guess?" He continues walking away.

I walk to the stairs. I hear a crunch and a sound of splatter. All of a sudden I feel a sharp pain in my foot. I look down.

"THE SPIKEEEEES," I scream in agony, forgetting my world is not like AJ's.



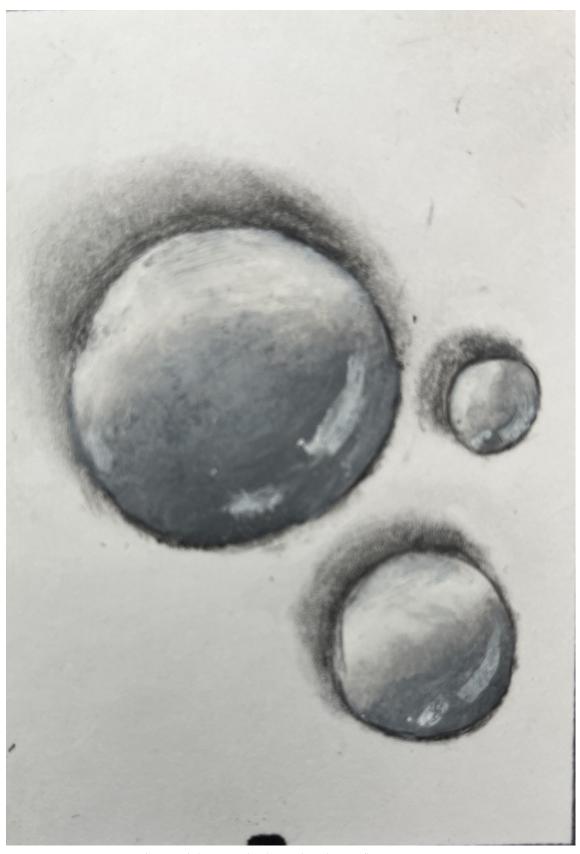
"Unbound-Take 2" by Victoria Caraballo Garcia (Digital Photo)



"Half Moon" by Madeline Ayala (Digital Photo)

The Full MoonBianca Osorio

Every night I look up at the big moon.
On special days it's full,
Bright and beautiful.
I wonder if the moon has gotten closer,
Over years and years of floating high.
I'd love to fly up to the moon,
Live with the stars forevermore.
Maybe one day I will.



"Moonage Daydream" by Madeline Ayala (Pencil, Oil Pastel)

I Wish I Could Tell You How Mad I Am Sa'id Belfield

I wish I could tell you how mad I am.

You just treat me as if I'm annoying.

I feel as though you don't want me around.

If I leave then, I feel your Feelings Change.

Why can't you just make sense to me.

Why can't you show me how you really feel?

The way you act, and what you say don't align.

What you do screams for me to leave you alone.

So I do it. I go away from you.

If I don't shower you with all my attention,

you treat me like I'm wanted, and missed.

I don't want to live like I don't love you,

only to get you to care about me.

I wish I could tell you how mad I am.



"Terminated" by Naomi Munoz (Pencil)

Searching My Soul

Arisleyda Vasquez-Diaz

How should this story start? It's not about love or anything special, it's About me and my way of seeing things. Why can't I still see?

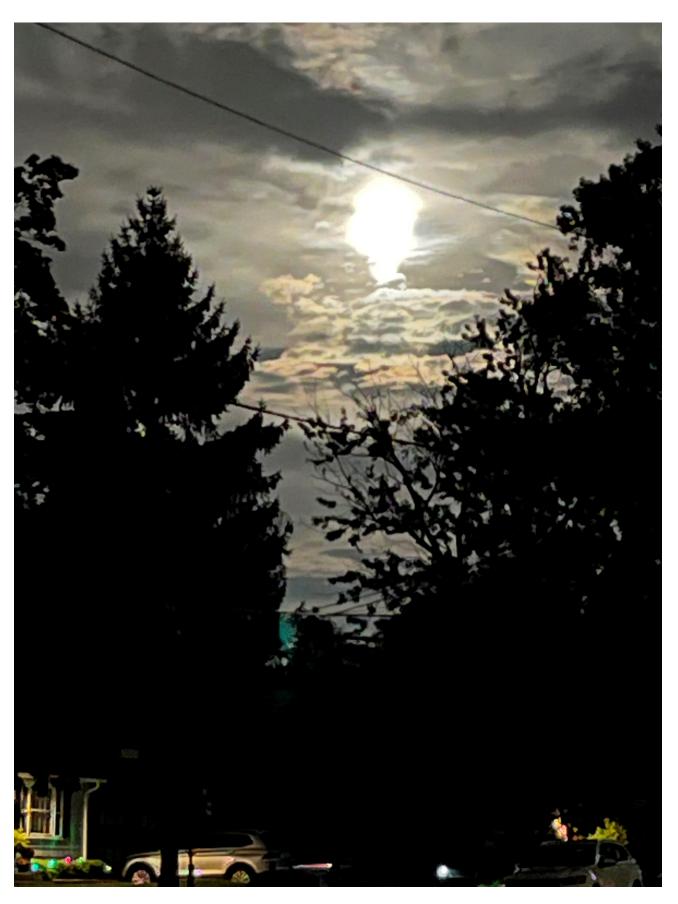
Every day I do the same things
How can I make the change?
This endless cycle consumes me
I never thought this would happen to me...

I've been imagining a world without me I don't know if you can see it; I believe that I've been lost in the ocean of my thoughts. Do you think so?

Why don't we go back to those days, where We were children and we didn't care about anything. Too bad those days are over...
And I'm still here trying to find my soul

I've been like a ghost searching my soul, forgetting who I am. Entering inexperienced paths get away from my childhood, these feelings make me feel sick; I just want to get out of here.

I'm still waiting for someone to come Take my hand, look into my eyes and tell me: everything will be fine sweetheart.... That day I will know who I am...



"Opening the Clouds" by John DeLaurentis (Adviser) (Digital Photo)

Drown Sa'id Belfield

Lost in a world, stuck in between the unchosen factions the ones you join, the place you go Decided by your actions

While in this world, you'll meet the one you've seen, but never bother he was so far, but now so close your eyes have now left the water

so in focus, so clear the view, comfortable cloud nine so good holding what's in front of you never again walk the line

you believe it's time to step out, your moment in the sun's glow blindsiding secrets eclipse you, you've been overshadowed

who he is, belongs with you but his loyalty to her destroys every piece of who he was, forced him to surrender

she lifts him to the sun's bright rays, leaving his shadow cast down, His darkness holds you so tightly You've joined his secrets, with them you'll drown



"Drowning My Rainbows" by Madeline Ayala (Pen, Pencil, Watercolor)

BLOOMING



"Deceit of Solitude" by Zachary Conroy (Digital Art)

Breakthrough

Anthony Sam

I was just a few moments away from receiving my brown belt in Taekwondo. All I had to do was break the two boards my sensei held up high that were leveled with his shoulders. For some reason, I couldn't break it, and that's when I began to give up. Fear and failure were in control. I questioned myself because ever since the day I got my first belt, my performances had been flawless. I had perfect scores on forms, sparring, and technique, but this time, I did not feel flawless, but flawed. While my eyes explored the room, I observed everyone staring at me in disbelief, knowing that I could've easily broken through the boards on the first try. They expected me to deliver the flawless performance they're used to seeing on promotion days, but even the best fall short, and that's the toughest battle to get back up from.

This is a moment I still reflect on today because this story had much more meaning to it than I realized at the time. High school has been my test throughout the past four years, but my innocence did not think of it as that. I thought about high school as a playground where I just came whenever I desired, turned in late assignments, got in trouble in classes, and made a bad reputation for myself. A place where people would hear my name and repeat in their heads with shame, "Oh, it's that kid." These past few years for me did not feel like a promotion; it felt like a lesson. A test that I failed, where everyone shouted the answers. Even though they did, these people who told me that high school was important, made it sound like expectations, rather than reality. The problem with me and what held me back is my procrastination. I have always had that "I'll get to that eventually" mindset rather than "I'll get it out of the way now." After realizing how much easier and less worrying it is to complete things now rather than later, I changed my mindset. I now have a fixed mindset, where I improve day by day. I am currently doing something I would've never thought I would. If my less developed self would've seen me right now, he'd be in shock. But I am completing homework at a cafe. At a cafe! Every day I learn something new about myself. Thankfully, I have found my love for coffee and aesthetically pleasing places. It feels amazing to walk into a coffee shop with hot chocolate in one hand, and the other, writing. The point is, I have finally grown and I'm very disappointed in myself because it took me sixteen years to do so. It took me sixteen years to take what my parents have told me seriously. They weren't expectations. They made it seem like it. But the whole time, it was reality. I have learned that the hard way now that I'm a senior and looking back at my foolish mistakes. For this reason, I would like to be a leader. I would give my all into mentoring someone headed down the wrong path and talk to them about reality, because once it hits you, you can't help but fear it. So if I can save people who were in my shoes a couple of years ago, I will, because I am no longer afraid and there's no chance that I'll let someone take the same bumpy road I did. I have changed my direction in life, and now I'm headed to the very top of the pyramid. I have faith in that.

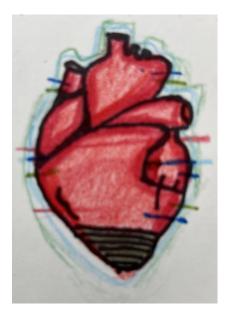
School wasn't the only lesson I have learned from. Everyday life as we know it, has been a very hard lesson for me, too. The love for myself grew from all the obstacles life threw at me. I stood strong. I have come out wounded, scarred, traumatized, but I survived and I'm proud to say,

(continued next page)

I'm still standing because the battles weren't easy. Those battles are the reason why I look at life differently. Of course it's still a happy world that I live in, but it's a scary one, where potholes surround the road and a storm surges upon it. So I know I need to be steadfast throughout it all, because life is not about the destination, it is simply about the journey.

I feel closer to that destination which will one day be my escape from the storm that I've been caught in many times. People have told me what to do and how to do it. But it took me many obstacles to wake up and protect my heart. It took me many attempts and failures to activate my mind, but it finally paid off. Thankfully, I now have a new reputation. I am someone that uplifts the room, no matter what day it is or how it's going. Now, wherever I am, people can finally say, "Oh, Anthony, he's the sweetest!" That has been my lifelong goal. I am finally leaving my mark on this world, and it is only the beginning because all I have to offer now is love and joy. I'm not leaving a mark on this world for fame, never. I am leaving a mark on this world because I want to represent something greater. I want to represent change, emerging towards renewal.

Being flawless does not exist. I thought I was in Taekwondo, but there was always room for improvement. So finally, after looking at myself in the mirror and rubbing my right foot where I felt immense pain, I took a deep breath to focus, blocking out all the chanting. It was just me in my mind. I would say to myself, "We've got this." This message flows to my heart and lights a fire in me I never knew I possessed. That day, I thought fear and pain were my toughest opponents, but it was me the whole time. I concentrated back on the boards that my sensei was gripping on to, hearing everyone chant my name "You've got this, Tony!" I run up as my heart fuels me with fire, jumping high in the air, spinning towards the trajectory while everyone's in silence, and giving my loudest, confident scream ever, to snap through those boards like they were twigs. Everyone begins to cheer louder. I finally did it. I had emerged victorious. As I landed across the other side of the boards, I felt renewal. I left everything behind. On the seventh try, I broke through the boards. Now in the last year of high school, I broke free from the person I was, and after doing so, I am finally someone greater. That's all I plan on being from now on. This journey will have more improvement, but I'm ready for it because my destination will be great. Breaking through those boards has forever changed me and I am grateful for it.



"Heart Emerging"
by Madeline Ayala
(Pen, Colored Pencils)

Mixed SignalsGiavonna Smith

Eyes like midnight skies who glisten with stars

Your wide perfect, imperfect daring smile

Enough to make my heart flutter to Mars

My head telling me it's all worth the while

When my heart is telling me otherwise

Your false promises are stacking up high

Were all of these emotions felt, just lies?

I thought you loved me? Can't you hear my cries?

Even if you did hear, you wouldn't care

If so bad, why do I keep coming back?

Your love is like rare poison I can't bear

Your love is like a code that I can't crack

But still, I find me running back to you

I hope the day comes where I don't care too

Petal StormLucas Velez

Beneath the tree covered in white, White petals trickle down, Clad in white with blue and silver, She heads forward to town.

Determined to succeed in life, She marches with vigor, To go through a journey of war, Braced and shelled with rigor.

Through the towns onward to mountains, Battling the pearly snow, Her dress more pristine than diamond, No more time to go slow.

Protected by her parasol, Protected from her fate, From the burdens left by the sky, This is a perfect date.

Her black hair flowing in the wind, Reaching past the darkness, This wedding shows no dread or dead, On court glazed with starkness.

Seen by her dark silvery eyes, Hints with purple and love, Standing there lies her newfound prize, In the sky is a dove.



"Blooming" by John DeLaurentis (Adviser)
(Digital Photo)

Black

Myles Andre

black some will think a color some will think people some will think it is connected to impurity and evil to me black is a staple a particular way of life that has a HUGE label we all got the same mother, it just seems that it was bound for you to be the cain to our abel the annihilation of the congo the reparations we want pronto we try to bring up the past, you tell us, "stop. No" i understand entirely, i also like to hide my past but this past is everything in the soil from which we grow grass it lacks, the necessary tools for survival in a society in its entirety, america is nothing more than a façade filled with bribery don't lie to me, we been here 200,000 years y'all came recently the lack of decency, is astonishing just 400 years ago you used us as a part of the economy a lobotomy, you forced us to chains (change) just so we could be like you, it's odd to me honestly, how can you change the books that we read the food in which you feed the children are confused mixing their wants and needs trying to find a link between the lies in the screens

the media paints like picasso

a bunch of mess put together so we treat black people like an art show hope is no longer what we need, malcolm told us to fight to be freed while martin was shot for his dreams

it would seem as if we weren't meant to speak our minds you'll see in time, that all races together are one of a kind besides race doesn't exist, remove the color in which we see, and all you see is our insides are pink

we're one of the same, biological change, if nobody's running why is it called race

it's because our culture our being is what they want to chase, or maybe erase

mass confusion will continue to exist as long as we stay in "their" place we must redefine ourselves 'fore we have color in our face don't be lost, there is a way to escape, open up your mind and keep it in that state

convince yourself you're great, the same way they convinced us we're not by saying it to our face

words hold power

choose the right words and your life won't be devoured 24 hours, seems shorter once you start to count em your words hold truth so don't speak em, shout em thanks to malcolm his voice is what allows me to speak, i'd be nothin' without em

his words had power, had no reason to doubt him

Never AgainLee Cardoso

Never have I felt this feeling before I never had so many thoughts about hating you Are you happy with how things are I never thought about this stuff before

You think it's funny to hurt others Never once have you thought about that You pretend to care but you just don't look I thought you wanted forgiveness

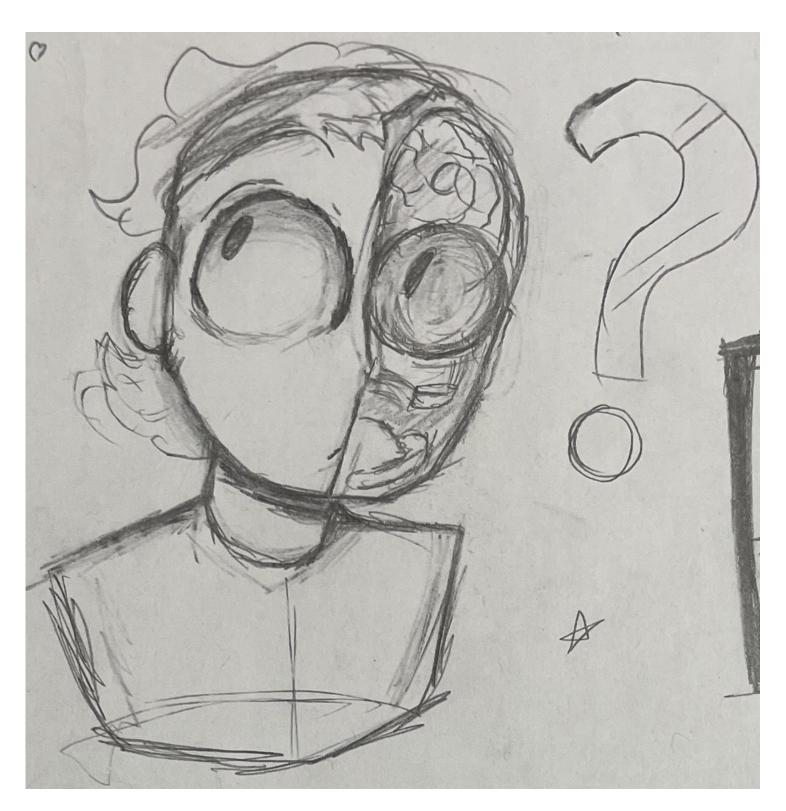
I wish I never let you get to me Never once have you helped me Why did you use your tears against me I should never have fallen for your selfish act Never again will I let that happen

It's not like you ever tried to listen Sometimes it seemed like you were bored Sorry I wasn't a good show Did you get a kick out of my condition?

I wanted to escape Someone help me from this hell I never wanted to be your main course I can't believe I fell for your stupid spell

I wish I never let you get to me Never once have you helped me Why did you use your selfish tears against me I should never have fallen for your selfish act Never again will I let that happen

Sorry, I'm so sorry
I never wanted to hurt you
Oh, wait...I never did
Was the show fun for you?
I never liked your toxic coffee
All of my sorrows
I'm drowning because of you
But I finally cut myself loose



"Questioning Your Motives"

by Naomi Munoz (Pencil)



"Radius of Uncertainty" by Danny Garces (Acrylic Paint)

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FLOATING



"Reach Farther than the Stars"by Bianca Osorio(Acrylic Paints and Markers)

Red Ink Sa'id Belfield

It seems as if there is a dying love in the blackout
The beginning of rejection leads us to a universal destination
Perception shines clear as day. Divorce.
The bloodstain drips down the parliament of fiction

Step back and glance over your surroundings There is evidence in the lies and kindness Communication dropped off in the contrast Partition of red ink will change the world

Freedom at Last

Bianca Osorio

(A tribute to Technoblade. May he rest in peace.)

The boy with pink hair never knew the taste of freedom. For all his immortal life he would fight and fight till the very end, but there was no end. There was never an end. War was all this boy knew, blood and death were what raised him. He had never put his sword down, never relaxed.

That is, until it finally happened. Something got him sick and he finally died. When he died he was transported to a vast expanse of the most beautiful green grass you've ever seen. It went on for miles and miles with seemingly no end.

At first, the boy began to walk. He had no clue as to where he was but there wasn't any immediate danger so there was no rush. Then he realized what happened to him and he began to run. He ran and ran and shouted cries of happiness. It was finally over! No more worries, no more fighting. Just this field and the sun, a calm forever sunset.

He suddenly stopped and thought, this world is mine to change, it's just for me! He sat down and closed his eyes and imagined something. When he opened his eyes and stood up, there was a cottage in the not so far off distance. He walked up to the door and walked inside. It was simple on the inside. Just one room with a fireplace and a bed. It reminded him of another home he had left behind. There was a hook right next to the door so he took off his crimson red cape and golden crown and hung them up.

He decided the next thing he would do is take a nap. He never realized that with all his years and years of fighting that it would make him so incredibly tired. He walked over to the bed and laid on top of it, his muscles relaxing for the first time.

The way he laid down was like a corpse in a coffin, his hand holding each other atop his stomach. He felt so peaceful and calm, like there was nothing in the world that could change this moment for him.

In that moment he realized, he was finally free. He took one deep breath and exhaled a long sigh. His chest no longer felt heavy with burdens made by everybody's expectations of him. The voices in his mind no longer sang their wild chorus but instead, there was quiet. He thought that the quiet would be deafening but it was instead quite peaceful. He wondered what his most recent friends and loved ones were doing now, without him. They were probably sad or maybe they moved on already. He hoped they moved on. He never liked that sad, sappy stuff.

His consciousness was starting to slip from him and he felt warm, like his legs were being covered by a warm blanket. He opened one eye for a second and saw that he was glowing and his legs were slowly turning to gold dust. He closed his eyes once more and thought to himself, so this is the end. He took one final last breath and then he was gone.

One moment he was there, and the next he wasn't. His body was no longer there, only particles left to float to the sky and become one with the stars. Now he will forever watch over and protect his friends and loved ones from up above until his soul comes back as something else, something new because a body may wither and turn to dust, but a soul never dies.

The boy with pink hair will never die. He will never be forgotten. The sun set on his stage and started the long wait for someone new to arrive.

Train StopAnthony Sam

ringing wind chimes, he remembered her hair blown by a breeze and her faithful promise, "always." aching, he whispers "please."

one night, before going to bed, they heard the midnight train. it felt like it was only them, even under the rain.

when trees grow, they reach greater heights their potential seems bright and in their case, it felt just right he married her that night.

fireworks set from a distance the movie had its plot as he died in her arms helpless, he didn't want to stop

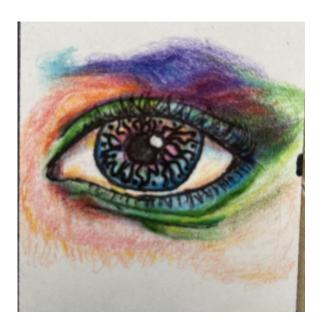
so he cherished time spent with her because time is crucial especially in the middle when south is usual.

they were best dressed and matched flowers explaining their blossom. her smile saturated his heart while her soul felt wholesome. the clock ticked hence its arrival now they await their stop because they have to discover what they found at the top

as tragic as it sounds, they knew their stop was arriving and in those last moments they cried wishing for right timing

"take care of yourself" he tells her as those were his last words, being her protector and love, flying distant like birds.

they both were grateful for it all, now they heal and reflect. so next time, they take the train home, together is correct.



"Eye Miss You"
by Madeline Ayala
(Pen, Colored Pencils)

Conan Gray Song Sa'id Belfield

I need a new Conan Gray song right now life's getting harder, I want to feel safe I'm close to a meltdown I cannot allow

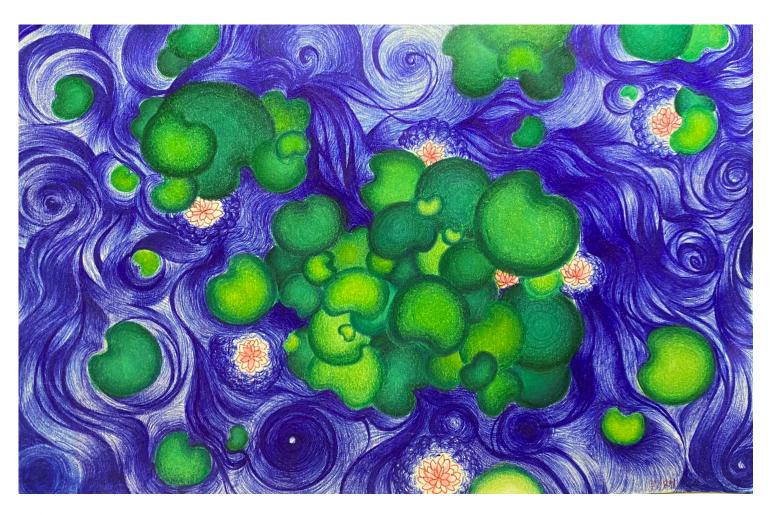
I swear I'm fine as if it were a vow same lines coming out, my throat feels the chafe I need a new Conan Gray song right now

Try to fix it all but I don't know how I rearrange it, but I'm out of place I'm close to a meltdown I cannot allow

To high horses and pride, I cannot bow Insecurity, I feel as disgrace I need a new Conan Gray song right now

Mitski can sing about her furrowed brow Jordy can belt, about his saving grace I'm close to a meltdown I cannot allow

For I am unbound to my mind somehow Hearts slowing down, can't keep up its own pace I need a new Conan Gray song right now I'm close to a meltdown I cannot allow



"Ripples Unraveled"

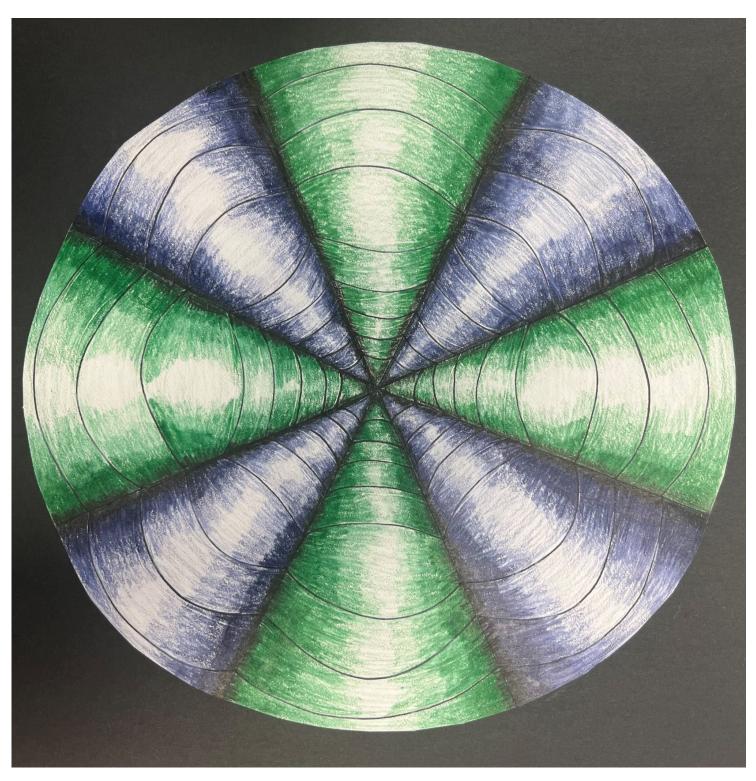
by Kaily Sou

(Colored Pencils)

Darkness

Giavonna Smith

Long black hair and skin pale as light, flushed rosy cheeks with a smile so bright, Who knew a woman so divine like you could Carry such darkness. The wolf who hides in the most beautiful of sheep's clothing, the serpent who slides around the Garden of Eden waiting to deceive me. Why did I bite into your apple? Why did I listen to your false promises? I feel your darkness overcoming me now but I won't let it eat into me and rot my soul away. I will not be bounded by your deceptions that you've sent out to be fool me. You're as wicked as Jezebel, the evil that both of you have done that lie beneath your hands But I can't help but still try to love you. To try to see the good that you may carry deep in your heart. What will it take to bring it out of you? Do I need to send out my offerings? How many offerings will it take for you to stop your schemes and love me the way you should? I gave you enough chances, I gave you all that I could, but it is still never enough. I'll say my goodbyes for now and keep my distance, hoping death will do us part in the end.



"Illusion of Light" by Max Hathaway
(Colored Pencils)

Greñuda

Aliahna Bueno-Sosa

Ever since I was a little girl, I loved my naturally thick and curly hair. My family preferred the opposite though. They preferred my hair when it was blow dried, flat ironed, silky and straight. "When are you going to straighten your hair again?!" said my Grandma almost every time she visited me. This kind of sparked a sense of needing to fit into a certain mold or standard other people had set out for me. Whenever I would leave my hair out curly, my family would kind of mock the way it looked. They would tease me, in a playful way, but it still made me a little upset. They would call me names like "Greñuda," which translates to disheveled or untidy.

Most of the women around me who had naturally curly hair would always straighten it and never leave their hair out curly, including almost all of the women in my family. They had also experienced that feeling ever since they were a little girl as well, so I guess it's just a part of our upbringing. We're Dominican. And culturally, it is preferred to have straight hair instead of curly hair, even though many Dominican women naturally have big curly locks. It's deeply rooted in colorism that still is lively and not really seen as a big issue to many in the Dominican Republic. And many women in my family, like my grandma, own hair salons here in the U.S. and in the Dominican Republic.

My hair has always been a huge part of my identity. I think it's what most people remember me by. I'm the girl with the big curly hair! Out of everything else that makes up my appearance, I have always gotten the most compliments and comments on my hair. If I didn't have my hair the way it naturally is, I wouldn't even feel like myself. Every time I straighten and flat-iron it, I do not feel like myself. I love having it for a certain period of time because it's so much easier to manage and maintain, but after a while I start to miss my wild curls.

People would constantly tell me that I looked "prettier," more "elegant," and more "sophisticated" with straight hair. And that my curly hair just looked "unkempt" and "messy." Mainly older people and family members would tell me this because some of them still have this kind of internalized racist and colorist way of thinking. Some people just really don't like hair that's eye-catching and that attracts

people's attention. When I started growing up, going through puberty and developing insecurities, I would let the negative comments kind of get to me. I would get upset over the fact that people didn't like the way a part of me naturally was.

But as I started growing up, and started growing out of that awkward, pubescent, insecure phase, I started to see the true beauty that is my hair. Still to this day, I get a little bit insecure about how big and frizzy my hair gets at times. Those bad hair days just make me want to chop all my hair off, or just straighten and flat-iron the heck out of it. But with curly hair, you really just have to let it be.

Compared to the past, now in the Dominican Republic and in the U.S., the stigma around natural hair and curly hair is changing. With the help of this, I feel more comfortable with my curly hair. Based on my own experience and what I've gone through, I was led to draw awareness to these issues around the stigma around curly hair and around racism and colorism that is greatly tied with the stigma. It made me educate the women in my family, and made me help them feel more comfortable with letting their natural hair loose.



"Making Waves" by Naomi Munoz (Painting)

As the Petals Fall

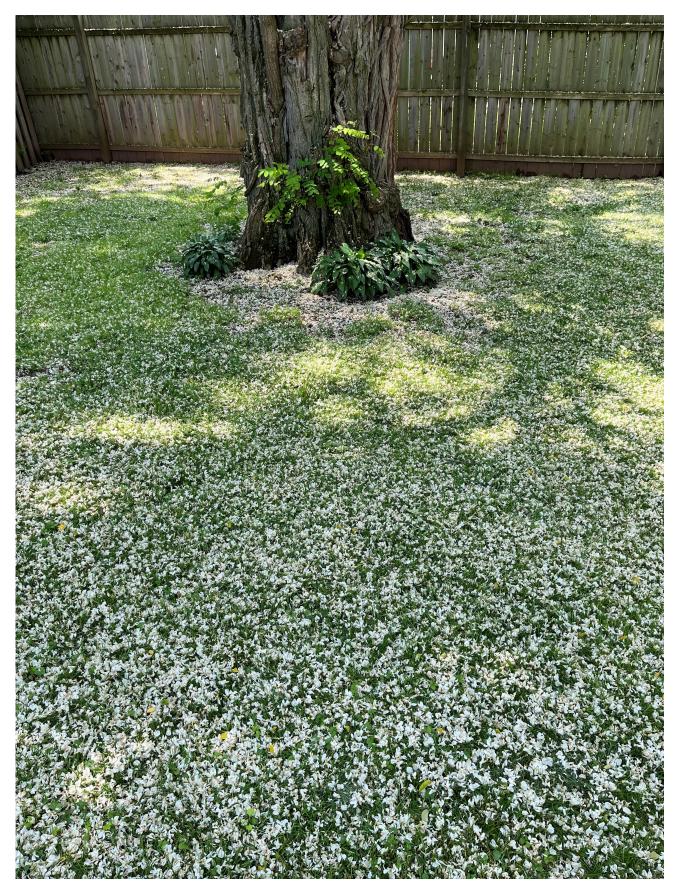
Arisleyda Vasquez-Diaz

Beautiful rose that blooms my heart Why do you want to walk away? Without giving me an explanation. Will the wind change you? we were the sun

But your flame went out...
which made a cloud.
Without the sun, everything began to wither
No matter how much I take care of you,
And I would give you my tears, which come

from the depth of my love You pricked me with your thorns. And then you vanished like magic You didn't even remember our promise The months go by, I still remember you

I see you in the distance and my thoughts are killing me Why are you with her?
It will be that she changed the stems from the roots
Maybe that's why you forgot about me
Did the wind blow your petals?
Or will this be our end?



"Snowing Petals" by John DeLaurentis (Adviser)
(Digital Photo)

As You Fall

Sa'id Belfield & Milene Arevalo-Chalen

Inspired by the play Othello by William Shakespeare

Beware my might, I will destroy you all Mighty Moor, is not invincible I will take what's mine, and watch as you fall

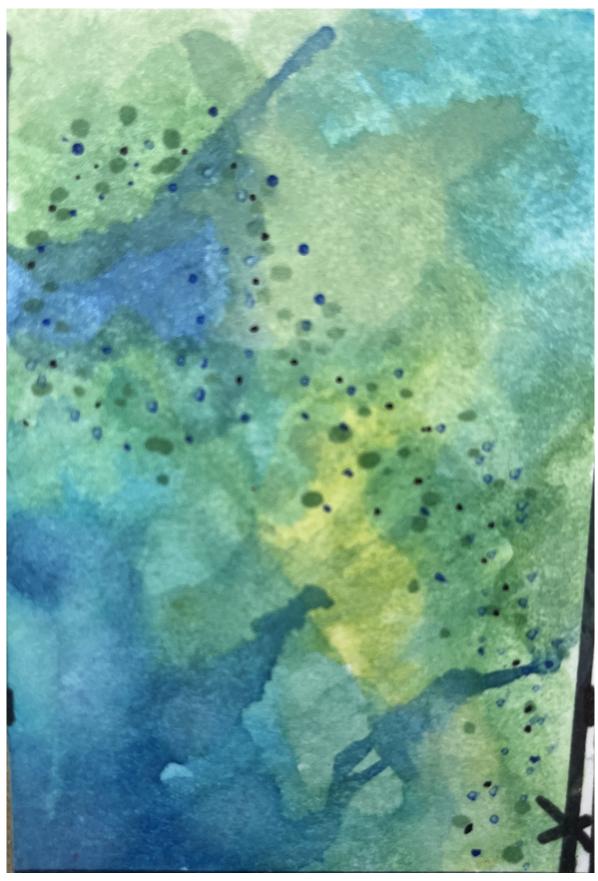
Cassio holds my title, oh the gall He cast me out to choose an imbecile Beware my might, I will destroy you all

They can't strike me out, I'll throw a fastball I'll come up with a plan so good, so original I will take what's mine, and watch as you fall

A strong pressure runs like a waterfall the mistakes they make, I see as fixable Beware my might, I will destroy you all

I'll cut them off, he'll have no one to call He'll come to me, he'll be lonely and miserable I will take what's mine, and watch as you fall

I'll lie, cheat, and steal. You'll be dead by nightfall I'll rule these simple ones under my municipal Beware my might, I will destroy you all I will take what's mine, and watch as you fall



"Shadows of the Fall" by Madeline Ayala (Watercolor)

CELESTIAL



"Peering into the World" $\,$

by Madeline Ayala (Pen, Watercolor)

The Hero of Antigua

Giavonna Smith

In the deep oceans of Antigua, there was a long-lost Caribbean tale about a powerful siren, Thalassia who laid under the deep depths of the sea. She had a voice so alluring, you could hear it from miles away. Thalassia was beautiful yet so wicked. She would lure sailors with her songs into the ocean, killing them and keeping their heads, so part of them could be with her forever.

The waters of Antigua were forbidden to sail ever since a whole ship of sailors and fishermen disappeared without a trace. And only could be sailed by top warriors who were able to defend themselves against her. Many warriors who did sail and tried to capture her, were only rewarded with their bodies eaten and their heads a deep ocean treasure.

It was only until one man named Marcellus Williams had a desire to explore the forbidden waters of Antigua to find a rare herb to save his village. Marcellus' village was overcome by a deadly plague, who the people of the village say was cast upon them by the gods for failing to protect their loved ones who sailed at sea. The population was decreasing in the village gradually but no one wanted to step foot in the haunted sea, except the warriors who did and never made it back.

"Momma, it's getting bad out there," said Marcellus.

"Damn that plague, got all our people dyin', no matter what happens, you promise me you won't go out on that sea, right?" She glared back at him.

She knew about her son's love and desire to go out on the ocean, but she just couldn't bear the fact of her only child, her only love, not making it back home.

"Momma, everyone is dying, I need to be the one who helps our village. What happens if you catch it, huh? You expect me to just stay still!"

Marcellus ran out of the house. He looked around and saw his people sick on the streets. The only way he could get to sea was to steal a ship. But stealing a ship would be too risky since the whole deck was filled with warriors protecting it, so he had to come up with another plan.

As Marcellus' brain started to give out from the lack of thoughts, nearby he saw an abandoned small wooden paddle boat by the ocean, sitting on the sand.

"This should do the job," he announced.

(continued next page)

He looked around and quickly took the boat, dragging it along the sand to the sea, hoping that no one saw him. He plopped the boat down on the ocean and started paddling. He paddled until his arms gave out. When he stopped and looked around, he noticed that he was in the middle of nowhere. There was no land in sight to be seen. He was officially in the forbidden waters of Antigua.

And in those forbidden waters, there was also a forbidden silence. Far in the distance, there was a peaceful hum and its waves were coming towards the boat. And then, there she was.

"You are quite the brave one, coming into my waters all alone," Thalassia mocked.

"Listen, I don't care who you are and if you try to kill me. You must give me the herb I need to save my village!" he demanded.

"What a confident one you are," she smirked.

Thalassia was attracted to the young boy's bravery, so she gave him an ultimatum.

"You come out in my waters and demand me to help you? Have you no manners?" she said ferociously. "Fine, I'll help you boy, but I want your head in return!"

"Do what you must, if that's what I have to do to save my village, so be it!" he uttered.

Thalassia wickedly smiled as she pushed herself away from the boat. She dived her way back into the sea and came back up with a shiny gold box.

"I admire your bravery, boy. Here, take this box and give it back to your people," she demanded. "But I warn you, if I ever see you out on these waters again, you won't live to see another day." She flipped her tail and disappeared back into the ocean.

Marcellus rowed his boat all the way back to the village. He opened the golden box as he made it back to shore, and saw the exotic herb multiply itself. He ran down the streets of the village and threw the herbs on every block he saw. In the end, the village was saved and the people recognized Marcellus as The Hero of Antigua.



"Creeping towards Death" by Carlos Clavel

(Watercolor and Sharpie)

Sky, Earth, and People

Lucas Velez

Spirits soar to the sky
Taking refuge in the clouds.
Leaving their woes behind,
Looking down on what was home.

Souls possess what is dear to them, Creating harmony and chaos. Longing for love, To be inhabited in a body.

Mortals claim this planet their home, Sharing intimate bonds. A love they can call home, A love that created peace.



"Dreamscapes" by Marilyn Munoz (Acrylic Paint)

Child of the woods, my dear, beloved

Nallely Jimenez-Henderson

My dear, beloved

I see you in the thick dark sage forest.

Let me become closer to you...

Oh, the things we can do together if given the chance.

Traverse the thick woodlands with me

Healing inner injuries together inflicted on your poor fragile heart

Evaluate this great situation that we have together

Child of the woods, my dear, beloved

Healing you and me from this loneliness

I will be at your side giving you the light that you need

Let me become closer to you with my warm light that I have for you

Oh my dear beloved

Fill your heart with my warm company

Traverse the thick dark sage woodlands that feel full of life like you

Heading through the forest left and right

Ever never letting you go at my side

We belong here between the black ink sky and the land showered by the moon

Oh why my dear beloved we can't do this every day

Over that lake that's where we meet

Do you tell me the wonders in your world,

I will lay next to you listening to your honey-voice,

Sit by me, sit by you under the willow tree

between the black ink sky and the land showered by the moon



"Sweet Desire" by Marilyn Munoz
(Oil Pastel)

Cycle of Seasons Zachary Dombroski

Cycle of Seasons

Quatrain of Staggering Vibes

Altered Ambiance

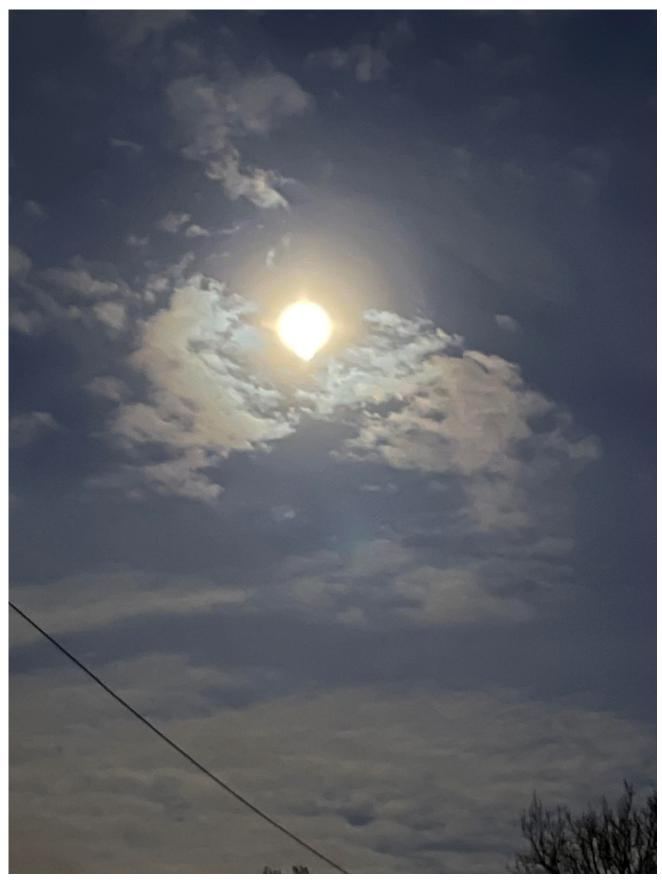
Colors Aplenty
Green to Red, and Faded Browns
Whispers of Demise

Death Encumbering Struggles for All; Crippling Cold Only Bliss, Rare Snow

Lushness of Nature Sickness Permeates the Air A Return to Form

Kid's Vacation Dream Super Heated Greenery Little Much For Me

Beauty Within All However, to Fall, None Compare My Opinion Though



"The Moon of Spring" by John DeLaurentis (Adviser)
(Digital Photo)

Forget Me Not (Beyond the Sea Foam)

Nallely Jimenez-Henderson

The sea was alive, but not many know what hid underneath the water's surface. Many stories about great journeys and death came to life. Some true, some false. However, who will ever know the thin line between reality and fairy tales? That gave closure to Nathan R. Rator when he wrote a book about how he fell in love with someone dearly from the sea before suddenly vanishing from thin air and leaving historians his book as the only sign of his existence that he ever lived.

There he was sitting on the beach complaining about life. A solemn and uneventful life he lived. It was not so easy as one of the many children of the great king. Of course, he wasn't the oldest but the second youngest. Still, he had big shoes to fill and every day his siblings' glares told him reminders that he still hasn't done anything in his small insignificant life. At the beach he sits under the early noon sun, and he sees something poking out of the water. As quickly as he noticed it, the quicker it disappeared under the waves. It has been days since the mercreature has been visiting the human on the beach from far away. Some days he has been very up close with the mercreature like a few weeks ago in the rocks. He was face-to-face and was blown away by its beautiful features. The prince blushed at such beauty: soft lush short curls, slightly built arms, two pairs of eyes full of awe, sun-kissed skin, bits of freckles that are barely visible, and cheeks that are becoming a shade of red. After more staring at the mercreature, he also noticed the gills around their neck and necklace of a simple shell. They seem to have a bucket and belt made of seaweed with an array of trinkets and knacks that he will never learn of the use for them.

Today it seems he won't be able to interact with the strange mercreature. With a heavy sigh, he picks up the yellow flower he picked up in the forest before he came to the beach and lets the waves of the water take it to the sea creature.

After a week before his 18th birthday, he decided to get married to a neighboring kingdom so they could create an alliance. He doesn't mind being in a loveless marriage, he has nothing to lose. This will prevent war if tension ever starts. He asks for permission to go to court with one of the princesses from their neighboring kingdom. His parents agreed and sent him on a voyage. During the trip, the prince saw the mercreature again and tried to interact but got pulled away to dance. The royal crew and the prince partied and got drunk. This may have led someone to knock down an oil lamp and start a fire. Everyone got sober enough to jump into the water and not be burned alive. At this point, the ship was being engulfed in flames and everyone was floating on the water. Everyone was safe but a wooden pole creaked and fell on top of the prince. It was not great enough to kill the young prince. However, it was giant enough to get him into a concussion, and he went under the water. A few of the royal crew tried to go to save the young prince, but couldn't find the body. They all thought someone got him or he drowned.

Little did they know, a certain mercreature held the prince gently in their arms with an air bubble around his head...quickly swimming to a cave with an air pocket to lay the human on the rocky surface. Shortly after, the prince wakes up and panics because it's not fun waking up from a near-death experience and not knowing where you are. The mercreature tried to calm down the prince with clicks and pops. Of course, this didn't work, so they slapped the prince. It wasn't that hard, but it was deafening against the small air pocket. After a few forever seconds of being stunned, the prince erupted and said, "It's you! You were the one who visited me when I was at the beach!"

The mercreature only could stare and nod to the prince.

"Well...thank you for saving me."

They just keep on staring at the prince. After a while of an intense but short game of the staring contest, the prince pipes up again.

"Can you speak? Like at all?"

The mercreature shook their head for a no. After a while in silence again, the mercreature lit up and took the prince into the water. After a few seconds, they remember humans don't breathe underwater so they let the prince go up to breathe. The prince was coughing out the little water that went up to his nose, and the mercreature looked sorry by looking sad and guilty for the distress they accidentally did. After the second attempt, they took their time to go underwater with an air bubble around the prince's head and he piggyback rode the mercreature so his arm doesn't get ripped off or hurt. Getting to their destination of the small village of caves and coral, he saw it was magnificent.

While the prince marveled at the surreal surroundings that he was seeing, the mercreature was going to visit a dear friend of theirs. They entered the lovely hovel of Mariela and Curie's.

"Hello, give me a second, I will be right there!" piped up Mariella while they were busy with a project of hers. "Guessing no one is responding, I guess it's you, Stanley."

The so-called mercreature named Stanley clicked his tongue to confirm their guess. As Mariella came out, they were shocked to see a human. They quickly called the other members of the household. Quickly a dark figure with a silver blue tail and long box braids came out. She quickly went to the prince and they said in a worried voice, "How long has it been there? They have to breathe air. They will die if he doesn't have enough oxygen. I will bring stuff to make a potion to breathe, and be right back."

Embarking on a Literary Journey: The Dodge Poetry Festival – October 22, 2022

John DeLaurentis (Club Adviser)

(This article first appeared in the September/October issue of **Cerebrations**, the newsletter of the North Plainfield Humanities Department)

There was excitement in the air as students from the Canuckling Club, which produces the annual literary art magazine, and students from the Creative Writing and the Study of Poetry and Prose class gathered at the main entrance of the high school to embark on a wonderful literary journey to the NJ Performing Arts Center in Newark. Nineteen students and three teachers, Mr. DeLaurentis, Ms. Iannacone, and Ms. Liu, traveled to the 19th Biennial Dodge Poetry Festival, which has been giving voice to poetry since its founding in 1986.

The day began in the NJPAC Prudential Hall with Poetry and Conversation with three poets: Cindy King, a professor of Creative Writing at Utah Tech University; Jake Skeets, from the Navajo Nation and professor at the University of Oklahoma; and Patricia Smith, author of the poetry collection *Incendiary Art*, winner of the NAACP Image Award. Powerful poems about diverse topics were heard, and the students in particular enjoyed the dynamic performance by Patricia Smith, who read her poem, "Nap Unleashed," which first appeared in Poetry magazine in November 2021. During the Q&A segment of this session, students heard these poets discuss the craft of writing poetry and the back stories to their poems. In terms of writing poetry, Smith encouraged writers to "Always approach writing poetry from the camera's lens. Then you are facing a person, not just an event."

The students then broke into teacher groups after this first session, and were able to enjoy poetry readings and discussions from many multifaceted voices. The poets that these groups heard were: Aimee Nezhukumatathil, Filipina and Malayali Indian author of the Barnes and Noble Book of the Year, World of Wonders; Karla Cordero, a poet, activist, and educator, who is a descendant of the Chichimeca peoples of northern Mexico; Patrycja Humienik, a daughter of Polish immigrants, who is a writer, editor, performer and educator based in Seattle, WA; Arisa White, an assistant professor in English and Creative Writing at Colby College; Kwame Dawes, a Ghanaian poet, actor, editor, critic, musician, and author of numerous books, including Bob Marley: Lyrical Genius, considered the most authoritative study of the lyrics of the Jamaican artist; Carolyn Forché, an American poet, who according to the Poetry Foundation, has "put into poetry some of the most devastating events of twentieth-century world history"; Sandra Cisneros, author of the novel, The House on Mango Street; as well as a Poetry and Song session which paired the poet Yusef Kamunyakaa, who teaches at New York University, with musician Tomás Doncker, the CEO of True Groove Records, and paired the poet Kim Addonizio, winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship for Creative Arts, with musician Danny Caron, a jazz/blues guitarist and songwriter. North Plainfield senior Anthony Sam, went forward during the Poetry and Song Q&A session to ask the poets/musicians how they handled writer's block.

The students also enjoyed the shared experiences of visiting the pop-up Barnes and Noble bookstore, as well as enjoying each other's company around the atmosphere of the grounds surrounding the NJPAC talking and enjoying food from the various food trucks. But perhaps the best experience for all was to be able to enter into a world of diverse language celebrated through the craft of poetry that speaks to the heart, mind, and soul.

As Kwame Dawes told the audience, "The universe is always telling us stories." Now the students of North Plainfield High School have further inspiration to tell the world their own unique stories. 68 Canuckling 2023



Because of YouLucas Velez

Light dissipates but the moon emanates,
With shattered lives clinging to the hope that's gone,
How they start and how they end
Never again grieving all that's lost
Never forget, the flame's not gone

Ah, carry on and embrace,
A future divided from the past
Towards the path, still ablaze

Wake yourself to the warm embrace,
To imitate the blessings you're fond of,
ones you care so much
In a world waiting to be free,
To revive the dried forests so long and dead,
Let those who ran amok, relaunch themselves

Ah, carry on and embrace,
A future divided from the past
Towards the path, still ablaze

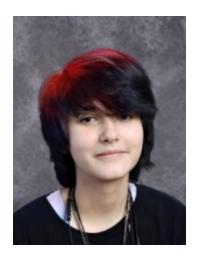
Stars bear new life when planets dare to fade

Leaves scatter throughout,
Awaiting one last dance,
Shaken up from the past,
New stories have yet to start



"Unbound-Take 1" by Victoria Caraballo Garcia(Digital Photo)

STAFF



Zachary Conroy, Editor-in-Chief Grade: 11



Max Hathaway, Photographic/Art Editor Grade: 11



Danny Garces, Photographic/Art Editor Grade: 12

STAFF



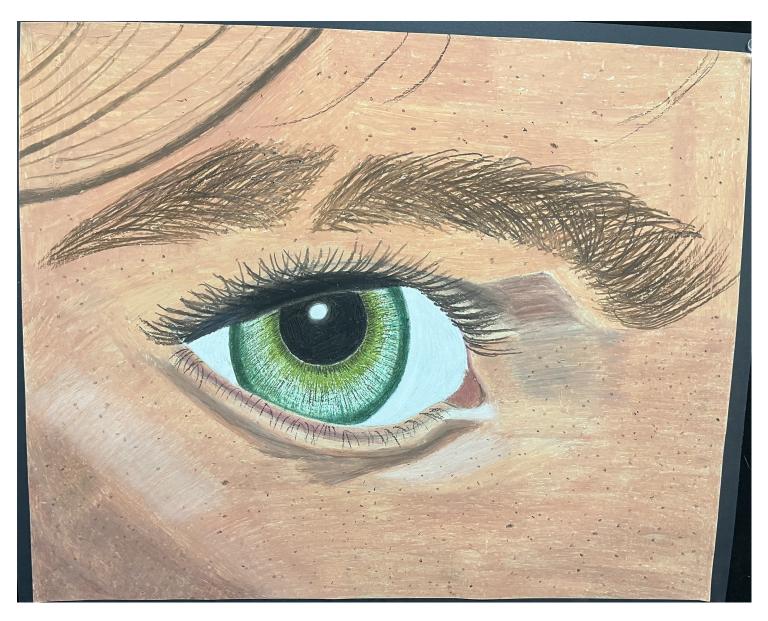
Zachary Dombroski, Literary Editor Grade: 12



Emirhan Durmas, Literary Editor Grade: 12



Mr. John DeLaurentisCanuckling Club Adviser



"Eye on You" by Samantha Melgar
(Oil Pastel)

Musings on the art of poetry in answer to the question: "Is poetry dead?"

"I don't believe poetry is dead. Poetry fights strong and is good escapism for some people. People write poetry to this day, beautiful melodies harmonizing together into one grand sonnet. Poetry is an art that is still studied today, with many stories resonating to many people, or learning about ancient history we've yet to uncover." -Lucas Velez

"Poetry is not dead. For as long as poetry is accessible it can never die. Words written in ink cannot be erased or taken away. Poetry, whether physical or digital, keeps the form of art alive and well. It may not be the most popular form of artistic expression, but it's real and it's true." –Sa'id Belfield

"After my experience at the Dodge Poetry Festival, I can assuredly say that poetry is still very much alive. Talent-wise, Patricia Smith told an inspiring poem regarding hair, which had striking metaphors, and brilliant planning behind it, a clear love for the craft. Another poet, Karla Cordero had a profound effect upon another classmate who related to the struggles expressed, and felt representation in a manner he hadn't prior."

–Zachary Dombroski

"I don't think poetry is dead. I think it is very important to have in our lives. Poetry is an expression from people's lives that readers can relate to. Also for the writers, too. It's a way for them to express themselves in their poems and show their readers their personal emotions and for readers to understand them even more." -Allison Pazmino

"Poetry is not dead. We walk through a chapter and our steps are the pencil. From personal experience, I hear or see poetry through almost anything. A song, a piece of equipment, someone's mood, literally anything. Literature impacts, so how can one not be moved and write a poem themselves?" -Anthony Sam

